

Montgomery Clift  
was queer.  
~~more than~~

**OR NEW YORK  
JOURNAL**

THURS 3 NOV 1994

New moon.  
Leave Lansing 1:45pm,  
arrive New York 4:58pm.  
We flew over State College Pa,  
where Donny Smith works in a library.  
The flight from Detroit to NY  
was only 1hr 7min,  
but it seemed 3 times as long...  
Jerry met me. I'm staying w/  
him & Sophie & Jacob & Alec  
in Queens.

FRI 4

2nd Av Manhattan:  
A girl walks up to me  
and says, There's always  
a nut on one block.  
Bought 3 CDs & a video(for Carol)  
& a Coltrane tape(for Jerry).  
On the phone Nancy said  
Alice is going to Bard(College)  
& has 'become a real person'!  
Viewed video footage of Match  
@ ThelbexSings. Petra's  
handheld stuff is great esp 'Dr. Death'.  
Disco Inferno is a 'Crass band'  
90's style: w/ samples & a buried beat.  
Late nite, listening to  
'Indeterminacy'(John Cage/David Tudor)  
the sounds of the household  
(& neighbors enter into the work...)

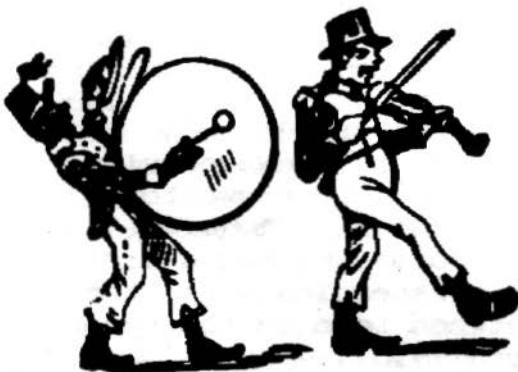
SAT 5

Saw art downtown:  
John Dugdale has aids,  
blind in one eye only  
30% vision in the other,  
still he takes lovely blue photos - IN 19TH CENTURY MANNER  
still lifes & portraits. (This was encouraging because my eyes aren't getting any better.)  
(the reason the last issue had so many mistakes is that I can't spell, can't type & now can't see)  
Susan Rothenberg (an old friend)  
20 yrs ago painted horses from memory & fantasy, now paints them from life. MAGIC SPELLS.  
Beautiful. (one of her early paintings brought \$420,500. @ auction this wk- I know she didn't get that much when she sold it.)  
Cy Twombly  
One large work 50' long,  
15 yrs in the making.  
I kept moving back&forth, in&out as 'tho it was a landscape (of 'shining white air').  
John Kobal's collection of Hollywood Glamour Photographs incl a very sexy Gary Cooper.  
SoHo was very crowded, but I didn't mind, I even enjoyed the crowds.  
4pm Dinner w/ Peter @ YeWaverlyInn  
Ground floor of an old brownstone which kept opening up into more & more and more rooms. We had a nice talk.  
Back @ Jerry's assembled video tape:  
'Dr. Death Between Love in the Runes, Match in March 1993':  
LitR very static a la Warhol complete set, DD handheld slight cut toward end, LitR handheld choppy incomplete (acts as a reprise).  
Tape is about 39 min long and the sound on DD is better than our audio tape.

SUN 6

Watched videos all afternoon in Queens incl 'Last Date: Eric Dolphy': Awful, the kind of tribute/bio film where a sequence starts w/ a shot of Dolphy playing live, then a voice over tells what a great solo it is- drowning out the music, then a cut to someone talking about the music...  
(why not just show him complete?) A neighbor of Eric Dolphy said that one morning @ 4am he called her out into the rose garden to listen to the singing insects...

[God is My Co-pilot was playing, but it was raining, so I didn't go.]



MON 7

The 'motorman' on our train is  
a woman.

@ The New York Public Library, Lincoln Center  
read old interviews w/ Cardew, Mingus & Monk:  
But you can divorce its aesthetic  
qualities from its function, can't you?  
Well, I would never want to, you see.  
When I write ugly, I want people to hate it,  
and I want them to hate themselves.  
I'm busy being myself.

Saw the Day of the Dead show in  
the main waiting room (IT WAS GOOD, THEY EVEN  
Grand Central Terminal. (SET UP ALTARS...FOR THE DEAD.  
Bought 2 hippos for Carol in an East Village  
toy store.

Caption for a kid's dwg:  
This is a monkey hole. It's dark.  
It's like sand but it's black.  
The monkeys are inside  
hanging on trees.

6pm Dinner w/ Nancy

The first place we tried was very smokey. We said  
something to the server. She said, well you know  
the East Village is very hedonistic. We went  
across the street (TO EAT).

Nancy & I talked 'til 1am.

Slept on a small hard futon in her  
almost empty large spare room.

You can see 3 bridges from her apt  
(& a large phallic bell tower.

Nancy has Perec Life a User's Manual,  
but she's only read 30pp or so...  
(she's a working single mother w/ 3 kids  
who takes & teaches taichi.

TUES 8

'Selection day.

After) people are talking about  
a new beginning  
(just like they did only  
2 yrs ago!

The weather's been really warm.  
I tell people it's 'cause I  
brought my topcoat & they want  
me to stay all winter  
(or @ least leave my coat.

WED 9

Jack Smith used to live in A  
~~the~~ building on Ludlow St that  
John Cale moved into.

Spent day in Queens.

Thru Charles Allcroft (another old friend)  
I'm performing 'Anyone can step into  
the costume' (I come out in street clothes,  
strip & put on a 'costume', all the while  
telling stories about Jack Smith...)  
(Jack Smith, legendary filmmaker ('Flaming  
Creatures'), theatrical genius ('The Secret  
of Rented Island') & exotic art consultant)  
in the Jim Neu Review @ LaMaMa  
on Jack Smith's Birthday, ~~NEXT MONDAY~~.

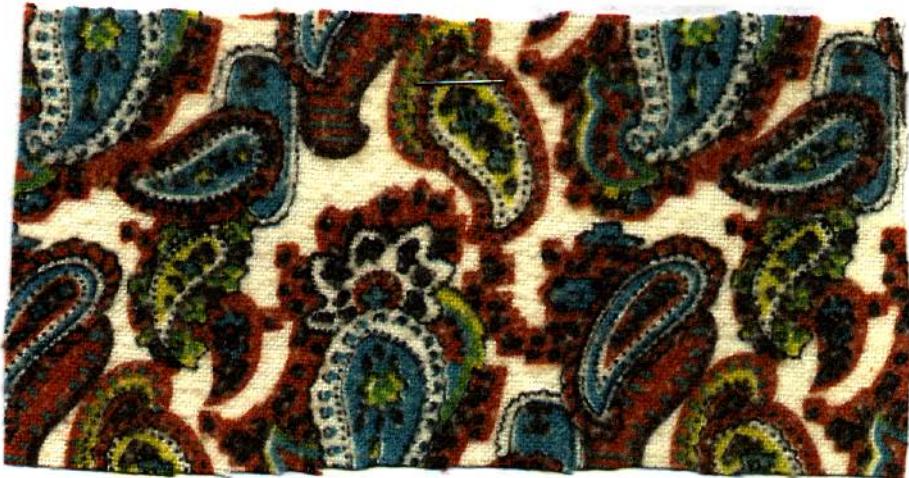
Found great prop for the show  
in the trash:

partially smashed silhouette  
of a palm tree made of  
pink amber mirror  
mounted on brown velvet.

Great chicken noodle soup for lunch  
@ a local deli.

Alec, who's 12, is kneeling on the rocking  
@ the desk typing a story                              chair  
on the computer.

Lenny, who's queer, to Jerry,  
Is Charlie still living w/  
that woman?



THURS 10

On the way to the subway  
I found a trash bag filled w/ clothes  
incl a kid's shirt, black,  
w/ Egyptian hieroglyphics-  
perfect for headgear (I tied  
the sleeves around my head,  
the tail hung down to my shoulders).  
My performance will be in  
Egyptian attire.  
Bought silver glitter @ 14th St Woolworths.  
Noon: Met Charles & looked over stuff  
he found in a dumpster Tues nite.  
Took 25 ties, thin slightly moldy  
dark warm colors w/ small poka dots,  
to make an Egyptian skirt.  
Charles also gave me an old Jack Smith poster  
(one from 1976 that I used to have)  
+ a wooden artifact from Jack's house  
(painted a great blue- we used to call it  
P.R. blue) & a strange blue plastic flower  
& a spiky orange&cream plastic plant  
that Jack used in one of his shows  
(which I'll put in my headdress).  
A DREAM WEAPON RITUAL

As soon as I decided to do  
'Anyone can...', I started to find  
appropriate things in the garbage.  
I think it focuses you  
(& brings other things into focus...  
John Brzostoski, a truly great teacher,  
has lost his job  
because some students complained that  
he was 'too domineering'.-  
PC strikes again!  
Bought stereo cassette recorder to  
replace the one that died,  
the same model as 7 yrs ago  
(it's probably been sitting in  
the box all that time  
on Canal St.).  
Bought Charles a tie  
(he didn't have enough money-  
17 yrs ago he bought me a tie  
when I didn't have enough money  
& besides he gave me all those ties  
for my costume).  
Bought incense, Egyptian Musk (!!!!!)  
that Jack used @ 1st Av  
Candy Store/Optimo Cigars.  
Bought pink&gray rubber snake  
(they didn't have an asp). (THEY DID HAVE  
Back home safetypinned ties together.  
I'm borrowing a bracelet & rings  
(her ankh ring is about 30 yrs old)  
from Sophie & an 'Egyptian' neckle\$\$  
that was on the Buddha on their sideboard.  
My costume is almost complete...

A COBRA, BUT MY SNAKE IS PRETTIER (& CHEAPER..)

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FRI 11

Vets' Day, spent in Queens.  
Rather than rehearse Jack Smith  
would think about what he was  
going to do.

Bought some nice apples.  
On Austin St  
a giant bowling pin  
@ the base of a flagpole  
on top of an ex-bowlingalley  
now a cigar store, 2 banks  
& a McDonalds.

In the trash (where else?)  
found a metal filigree plant stand  
(w/ a cock&ball motif)  
which I may use as  
a stand for my costume bag.

3 little girls  
banging w/ sticks on  
a metal guard rail- music.  
Went to bed very early 9:30  
slept almost straight thru 'til 7am.

"HATRED OF CAPITALISM II"

(FOR JACK SMITH.



SAT 12

Bad headache, sweating  
thruup lunch, shat

(I wonder if I'm really sick).

Walked along ~~the~~ park-  
it helped a little...

Bought Carol a halfsubmerged hippo  
made of glass on Bleeker St

'I don't live here.' 'I know- from  
the way you sound.' (I explained  
my accent.) 'I don't mean  
your accent- your manner  
is too relaxed

(for you to live in NY.'

He's had the shop for 30yrs  
and has to move in Jan  
'cause the landlord is  
making it into a restaurant.

(Landlords think they are the lords of  
the land, they are really  
the scum of the earth!)

A beautiful young woman  
all in green  
sitting on a stoop  
on Bedford St  
smoking a pipe.

Had coffee w/ Peter.

Bought a CD & a tape.

Renaissance, a shop on lower B'way has  
a window display of 2 nanged men & a guard all  
in military attire. I asked if  
anyone had complained & talked w/ the guys  
who did the window. 'We didn't have no wires&shit,  
used rope.' 'We just improvise.' so we  
(after the fact: '...represent  
the customers- fashon victims.' ...or maybe  
(We all laughed.) shoplifters.  
A girl clerk who didn't notice  
the display before said,  
I'm complaining...it's terri ble.

[The whole thing seemed very NY.]  
A Chinese woman walking w/ her friend  
across Broome St carrying what  
looks like a baby's body  
wrapped in brown plastic  
(she was as gentle w/  
the package as if it  
were a baby's body.

6pm Dinner w/ Norman & Sharon @ a very funky  
old style Chinese Coffee Shop on the Bowery.  
I put the hippo on the table  
which was made of blue&white swirly  
formica. Sharon has 3 big dogs now  
(in a small 1 bedroom apt.  
She gave me the complete video of  
Fassbinder's 'BerlinAlexanderplatz'.



SUN 13

THE PIRATE & THE PENGUIN.

DEATH OF A PENGUIN.

Early lunch in Chinatown,

walked up Ludlow St

thinking of Jack Smith,

ran into Gus

near the Strand bookstore.

11:30am REHERSAL @ LaMaMa.

Almost all the others are doing

very witty underplayed

cabaret songs. Jim Neu's lyrics

are great + have a kind

of timelessness about them.

(& there I am thinking on stage

& my costume made out of trash)

I had 2nd thots about doing 'Anyone can...'

Plus things kept going wrong:

one of the ties fell off my skirt.

I couldn't do up the catch

of the bracelet,

one ring wouldn't fit...

Then I realized-

IT WAS VERY JACK SMITH-

he would have stuck out too...

(...and failed too- STRUCK OUT too...

[This is the 1st time I've actually felt  
like him...]

Everyone was very sweet to me...

& I think they liked what I did.

Jim wants me to talk more- he said

those stories need to be told again.

Stuart Sherman wanted to know what the blue  
wooden thing was.

7pm Dinner @ Jenneth's w/ Charles. Jen cooked,  
she has a wonderful new small  
black kitten. After we watched Charles' & my  
videos.



MON 14

Jack Smith born 1932, a monkey year.  
Rethot my performance incl  
making the blue wooden thing into  
an incense stick holder  
(art should be useful).  
Bought 2 bracelets (without clasps!)  
@ a Queens thrift shop-  
the cashier's son lives in  
TraverseCity MI.  
Chicken soup @ the deli.  
4pm TECH CHECK. Be @ theatre by 7pm.  
I wished that I had  
a more elegant bag for my costume  
(it was in a paper Macy's bag)  
Outside the door of the theatre  
I found an old faded rust colored woven bag  
filled w/ trash!  
I emptied it & used it for the performance.  
'GEEF ME THAT COPARAH CHEWEL!'  
has been echoing in my head all day...  
The show was great!  
(the incense (even) went out just after  
I lit it (of course I didn't notice  
'til halfway thru- I stopped & said,  
You know Jack would have spent a half hr  
relighting it...  
{written mon eve} Sitting backstage  
in the stairwell after my turn  
fireextinguisher on the wall  
a driedout bouquet of  
flowers in the corner  
on stage Bill Rice playing  
the piano & singing 'DannyBoy'.  
Minded Roberta Levine's baby,  
sang her a song I made up  
about everybody going  
upstairs to perform...  
<sup>THE SHOW</sup>  
After <sup>a</sup> woman came up to me  
grabbed me by the arm  
& said, I wore that  
thing of Jack's you put in  
your headband in one of his shows-  
I had only been in NY a week &  
didn't know what was happening-  
he pulled me out of the audience!

After after we (Charles & 3 friends, Jim & I)  
walked over to Jack Smith's last apt  
on 1st Av (an oldlaw 6 storey tenement)  
(on the way I ran into Julie Hair  
coming home from band rehersal. I gave her  
Penguins' 'Secret Songs'.)

We met a person who had been @  
the show walking their dog  
& they came too.

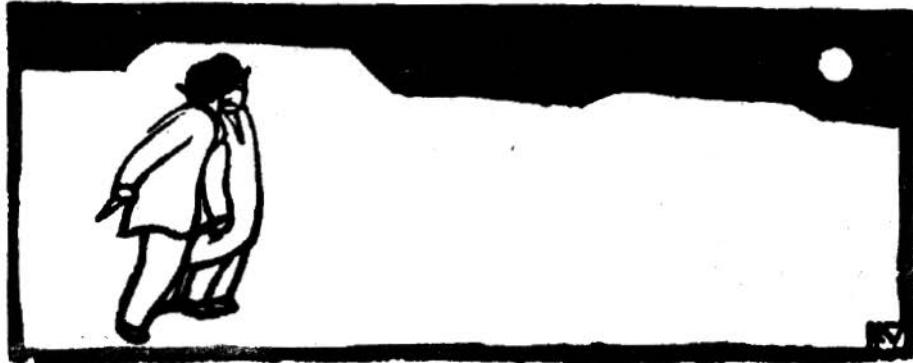
I lit the incense (it really should be spelt  
'INSENCE') sticks which had gone out (& been  
put out by another performer after I lit it  
(is there a theatre superstition I don't <sup>back</sup><sub>stage,</sub>  
know about?)  
& put one on each side of the streetdoor,  
strung the tie/skirt across high up  
(like prayer flags)  
over the doorway,  
<sup>PALM</sup> put the ~~AM~~ mirror @ the base  
of the rt pillar(column) &  
the metal stand against the lft,  
tied the Egyptian shirt around the lft column  
(pillar),  
draped the snake over the rt porchlight  
(which had burned out)  
then I threw Glitter-  
lots of silver GLITTER  
&

we all left...

...ACCEPTANCE OF DEATH.

TUES 15

Rested in Queens, bought more apples  
& a Sinatra tape from '55.  
Last nite Deborah Auer sang  
'Love is Like a Cigarette'-  
tonite I discovered it by  
accident on an old  
Ivie Anderson record.  
Reagan has oldtimers' disease-  
he's going to forget us,  
it's too bad we can't forget him!



WED 16

(stuck on a stopped subway  
going into Manhattan on my  
last day to see the Jess show. (A GRAND  
the catalyst for my visit; COLLAGE  
I wrote in this journal) 1953-1993)  
(they were working on the entire  
subway system, so almost  
every trip meant rerouting&delays-  
but it added to the adventure...)  
The sexist person I've seen this visit was  
an older man, balding w/  
short gray hair, heavy  
but not fat,  
wearing baggy brown corduroys&a darkred velour  
sweatershirt (elegant casual).  
He was on the train going into town my 1st trip.  
& the only person who said hello  
to me on the street was  
a Latino dragqueen on 2nd Av monday afternoon  
before the show (in Michigan  
we almost always say hello).  
One of the nicest things about  
doing 'Anyone can...' is that  
after people come up & ask about Jack Smith.  
When I did it in NYC, people  
came up & told me about Jack.ie  
The stagemanager, He once made me  
lunch: a pineapplemarshmello ommlette!  
Bought Jerry an Ella Fitzgerald tape & 2CDs for  
lunch @ Mocca my fav rest (if I lived in NY me,  
I'd make lunch my main meal-  
lots of great rests have specials)  
Saw Jess @ the Whitney & Giacometti in a gallery  
between I went for a walk in Central Pk- it was  
drizzley & almost empty...up cedarhill  
& back.  
'Only our hazelight to see by...'  
Jess was an atomic scientist who had a bad dream  
moved to San Francisco & became an artist. & so  
Jess was very good, but  
Giacometti was so good it  
almost made me cry. & since I had  
just read his bio,  
the work seemed like old friends.

THURS 17 NOV

Q.33 bus to airport

Leave 12:45pm

Arrive 4:03pm Lansing

Full moon 2am tomorrow. (approx.)

On the way to the subway

I left my blue wool shirt

& my pajamas in an old

wooden box containing

an old woman's umbrella on top of

an old white cabinet in the trash

on the street where I found my

Egyptian head cloth.

@ Airport Cafe Fiorello- I thot it'd be  
Italian, hoping for  
cappuccino- it was just  
named for LaGuardia.

A MAN WALKS PAST SOUNDING  
JUST LIKE JACK SMITH.

We flew o

I

went to school.

(this is just like Jack  
too...  
[the ribbon just went])

(the ribbon just went)  
We flew over Ithaca NY  
where Susan, Peter & I went  
to school @ Cornell.

Great view of the Finger Lakes  
out my window.

From the air

the green of winter wheat.

I brought my topcoat,

so it's 58°!

We hit w/ a bump  
while landing &  
the oxygen masks

flew out...

-Charlie

(PRINTED 11.26.94)

7<sup>th</sup> ANNIV. PETER HUJAR'S  
DEATH.)

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